

# SICK WOMEN HEAR ME

You Can Be Free from Pain as I Am, if You Do as I Did.

Harrington, Me.—"I suffered with backache, pains through my hips and such a bearing down feeling that I could not stand on my feet. I also had other distressing symptoms. At times I had to give up work. I tried a number of remedies but Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound did me more good than anything else. I am regular, do not suffer the pains I used to, keep house and do all my work. I recommend your medicine to all who suffer as I did and you may use my letter as you like."—Mrs. MINNIE MITCHELL, Harrington, Me.

There are many women who suffer as Mrs. Mitchell did and who are being benefited by this great medicine every day. It has helped thousands of women who have been troubled with displacements, inflammation, ulceration, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that bearing down feeling, indigestion, and nervous prostration.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound contains no narcotics or harmful drugs. It is made from extracts of roots and herbs and is a safe medium for women. If you need special advice write Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential), Lynn, Mass.



# Vaseline

PETROLEUM JELLY

For burns, cuts, sprains and all skin irritations. Relieves dryness of scalp.

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES

CHESEBROUGH MFG. CO. State Street New York

# FRECKLES

Varied Climes, Varied Habits. Natives of hot climates who spend much time in the water rarely use soap except for a shave or shampoo. The Eskimau is a reckless bather during the ashing season, when he is forced to wade to disentangle his nets, but his wife and family think handling wet nets absolves them from further bathing rites.

"I am sure that man is coming here with a bill."  
"What makes you think that?"  
"He has such a collected manner."  
A man who merely talks about his wrongs is not as dangerous as one who writes about them.

How a lucky man does enjoy pointing with pride to his superior judgment!

# Nerves All Unstrung

"But Doan's Made Life Again Worth Living," Says Mrs. Harris

"I was in excellent health until my kidneys weakened," says Mrs. N. A. Harris, 1009 Indiana St., Neodesha, Kansas. "The kidney secretions burned like fire and passed so often I couldn't get a moment's rest. My back ached and for days at a time I was confined to bed, faintly tortured with the sharp pains. I couldn't stoop without fairly screaming with misery."



I lost strength and weight and was so weak I became a nervous wreck. Headaches and dizziness added to my distress. My sight blurred; limbs, hands and face were swollen; and puffy sacs came under my eyes. I lost hope of being well again. Finally a neighbor brought me a box of Doan's Kidney Pills, and later I got several boxes. My troubles began to lessen and soon I could sleep all night and wake up refreshed and happy and life was again worth living. I am now a strong, healthy woman and owe my health and happiness to Doan's. Be sure to before me.

J. A. DEARDORFF, Notary Public. Get Doan's at Any Store, 60c a Box. DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS. FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

# Cuticura Soap

The Safety Razor Shaving Soap

# CONDENSED CLASSICS

## THE NEWCOMES

By WILLIAM M. THACKERAY

Condensed by Charles K. Eaton, Librarian of the Boston Athenaeum



William Makepeace Thackeray, son of a civil servant in India, was born July 18, 1811, in Calcutta. He died Dec. 24, 1862, in London, where most of his life was spent. From 1840 on his wife was insane, so there lived in his heart, as in that of the other great humorist of his time, Dickens, constant sorrow.

Thackeray began in school days rather to absorb life than to attain scholarship. He delighted even then to reproduce it in comic verse and caricature. In Cambridge, in Welton, in Paris art schools and London law school, he went idly in study but eager in friendship, ardent in life.

At twenty-one he owned and managed a London newspaper, at twenty-five he was penniless, after scattering a comfortable fortune. But he had bought experience invaluable to the young journalist, priceless to the novelist.

Thackeray's astonishing versatility was early realized. He aspired to illustrate Dickens' novels; he wrote travel sketches, stories, ballads and burlesques. "Barry Lyndon," his first notable novel, was the history of a rascal; but, in the most fascinating of feminine rascals, Becky Sharp, Thackeray first brilliantly showed himself master of the creation of living character ("Vanity Fair," 1848-49). "Pendennis" (1849-50) was, like Dickens' "David Copperfield," in essence autobiographical. The need of money drove Thackeray reluctantly to the lecture field. His course on Eighteenth Century Humorists, popular in England and America (1851), prepared the ground for "Esmond" (1852), his unsurpassed historical novel. "The Newcomes" (1854), "The Virginians" (1859), and the unfinished "Dennis Duval" complete the list of his best novels.

COL. THOMAS NEWCOME, the hero of Argon, and of Bhart-pour, had loved the beautiful Leonore de Blots, but having incurred the wrath of his stepmother, he fled to India to carve out his career. There he had married the widow, Mrs. Casey, and a few years later sent their son Clive to England. He regaled the ladies of the regiment with Clive's letters; sporting young men would give or take odds that the colonel would mention Clive's name once before five minutes, or three times in ten minutes. But those who laughed at Clive's father laughed very kindly.

At last the happy time came for which the colonel had been longing, and he took leave of his regiment. In England he had in his family circle two half brothers, Sir Brian, who had married Lady Ann, daughter of the Earl of Kew, and Hobson Newcome.

One morning at breakfast while Sir Brian champed his dry toast, Barnes, the son, said to his sister Ethel: "My uncle, the colonel of sepoy, and his amiable son have been paying a visit to Newcome."

"You are always sneering about our uncle," broke in Ethel, "and saying unkind things about Clive. Our uncle is a dear, good, kind man, and I love him."  
"At Hobson Newcome's and elsewhere the family party often assembled, the colonel, his friend Mr. Minnie and Blinnie's sister, Mrs. Mackenzie with her daughter Rossey, Sir Brian and Lady Ann, and Clive who had become a painter. From one of these parties Clive and I, his friend Arthur Pendennis, walked with the usual Havana to light us home. "I can't help thinking," said the astute Clive, "that they fended I was in love with Ethel. Now, I suppose, they think I am engaged to Rossey. She is as good a little creature as can be, and never out of temper, though I fancy Mrs. Mackenzie tries her."  
Time passed and our Mr. Clive went to Baden, where he found old Lady Kew with her granddaughter Ethel. "You have no taste for pictures, only for painters, I suppose," said Lady Kew one day to Ethel.  
"I was not looking at the picture," said Ethel, "but at the little green ticket in the corner. I think, grandmamma," she said, "we young ladies in the world ought to have little green tickets pinned on our backs, with 'sold' written on them."  
Barnes Newcome, too, was at Baden, for he was to marry pretty little Lady Clara Pulleya, free at last from that undesirable Jack Belsize, Lord Highgate's son. Lady Kew had plans which Clive's growing regard for his cousin Ethel put in jeopardy.  
"My good young man, I think it is time you were off," Lady Kew said to Clive with great good humor. "I have been to see that poor little creature to whom Captain Belsize behaved so cruelly. She does not care a fig for him—not one fig. She is engaged, as you know, to my grandson Barnes; in all respects a most eligible union; and Ethel's engagement to my grandson, Lord Kew, has long been settled. When we saw you in London we heard that you too were engaged to a young lady in your own rank of life—Miss Mackenzie."

Clive's departure led to more flirtations by Ethel than old Lady Kew could countenance, but Ethel had found out how undesirable a man Lord Kew was and broke the engagement so dear to her grandmother's heart.

When Clive heard that the engagement was over between Kew and Ethel he set out in haste for London. I was installed as confidant, and to me Clive said: "Mrs. Mackenzie bothers me so I hardly know where to turn, and poor little Rossey is made to write me a note about something twice a day. Oh Pen! I'm up another tree now!"

Clive met his cousin Ethel at a party or two in the ensuing weeks of the season, and at one of their meetings Ethel told him that her grandmother would not receive him. It was then that Clive thought Ethel worldly, although much of her attitude was due to the keen and unrelenting Lady Kew. The colonel and James Bennie during all this time put their two fond heads together, and Mrs. Mackenzie flattered both of them and Clive as well.

Meanwhile the Lady Clara was not happy with her Barnes. All the life and spirit had been crushed out of the girl, consigned to cruel usage, loneliness and to bitter recollections of the past. Jack Belsize, now Lord Highgate, could stand the strain no longer and took Lady Clara away from her bullying but cowardly husband. The elopement of Clara opened Ethel's eyes to the misery of loveless marriages, and the mamma of her new love, the Marquis of Farintosh, already distressed over the unpleasant notoriety of the proposed Newcome alliance, received a letter from Ethel which set her son free.

Ethel then turned to the lonely, motherless children of her brother Barnes, and found comfort in devoting herself to them. Clive married his Rossey, and his father determined to become a member of parliament in place of Sir Barnes. One night the colonel returning from his electioneering, met Clive, candle in hand. As each saw the other's face, it was so very sad and worn and pale, that Colonel Newcome with quite the tenderness of old days, cried "God bless me, my boy, how ill you look! Come and warm yourself, Clive!"

"I have seen a ghost, father," Clive said, "the ghost of my youth, father, the ghost of my happiness, and the best days of my life. I saw Ethel today!"

"Nay, my boy, you mustn't talk to me so. You have the dearest little wife at home, a dear little wife and child."

"You had a wife; but that doesn't prevent other—other thoughts. Do you know you never spoke twice in your life about my mother? You didn't care for her."

"I—I did my duty by her," interposed the colonel.

"I know, but your heart was with the other. So is mine. It's fatal, it runs in the family, father."

The shares of the Bundelcund Banking company, in which the colonel had made his fortune, now declined steadily, and at last the crash came, wiping out all the colonel's money and with it all Rossey's fortune. The impoverished Newcomes settled down first at Boulogne, and then in London, the colonel weary, feeble, white haired, Mrs. Mackenzie a perfect termagant, Rossey pale and ailing, and little Tommy, the baby, a comfort and a care to the hard-worked Clive.

The colonel, no longer able to live under the same roof with Mrs. Mackenzie, found a home with the Grey Friars and here I saw him.

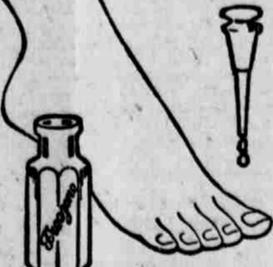
When the colonel's misfortunes were at their worst Ethel, in reading an old book, found a letter from the colonel's stepfather between the covers. It was a memorandum of a proposed bequest to Clive. Ethel at once determined to carry out this intended bequest, and so she and I hastened to Clive's home; but not even good news could soften Mrs. Mackenzie's evil temper. That was a sad and wretched night, in which Mrs. Mackenzie stormed until the poor delicate Rossey fell into the fever to which she owed her death. We soon repaired to the Grey Friars where we found that the colonel was in his last illness. He talked loudly, he gave the word of command, spoke Hindustanee as if to his men. Then he spoke words in French rapidly, seizing a hand that was near him, and crying, "tousjours, toujours!" Ethel and Clive and the nurse were in the room with him. The old man talked on rapidly for awhile; then again he would sigh and be still; once more I heard him say, hurriedly, "Take care of him when I'm in India," and then with a heart-rending voice he called for the love of his youth "Leonore, Leonore!" The patient's voice sank into faint murmurs; only a moan now and then announced that he was not asleep.

At the usual evening hour the chapel bell began to toll, and Thomas Newcome's hands outside the bed feebly beat a time. And just as the last bell struck a peculiar sweet smile shone over his face, and he lifted up his head a little, and quickly said, "Ad-um," and fell back. It was the word we used at school, when names were called; and lo, he whose heart was as that of a little child, had answered to his name, and stood in the presence of the Master.

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# Lift off Corns!

Doesn't hurt a bit and Freezone costs only a few cents.



With your fingers! You can lift off any hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and the hard skin calluses from bottom of feet.

A tiny bottle of "Freezone" costs little at any drug store; apply a few drops upon the corn or callous. Instantly it stops hurting, then shortly you lift that bothersome corn or callous right off, root and all, without one bit of pain or soreness. Truly! No humbug!—Adv.

# Important to all Women Readers of this Paper

Thousands upon thousands of women have kidney or bladder trouble and never suspect it.

Women's complaints often prove to be nothing else but kidney trouble, or the result of kidney or bladder disease.

If the kidneys are not in a healthy condition, they may cause the other organs to become diseased.

You may suffer pain in the back, headache and loss of ambition.

Poor health makes you nervous, irritable and may be despondent; it makes any one so.

But hundreds of women claim that Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, by restoring health to the kidneys, proved to be just the remedy needed to overcome such conditions.

Many send for a sample bottle to see what Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder medicine, will do for them. By enclosing ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., you may receive sample size bottle by Parcel Post. You can purchase medium and large size bottles at all drug stores.—Adv.

Her Meaning.

"I heard that pretty little woman say the other day that she was going to do her best to make her Billy's life perfectly happy. She must be very much in love with her husband."

"That wasn't her husband she was talking about; it was her pet poodle."

Awkward.

Speaking of names, we heard the other day of a man named William Arrimee, and every time he told it to a woman she took it for a proposal.

The smaller a man's mind, the longer it takes him to make it up.

When used as a cloak religion is a misfit on most people.

# Many School Children are Sickly

and take cold easily, are feverish and constipated, have headaches, stomach or bowel trouble.

# MOTHER GRAY'S SWEET POWDERS FOR CHILDREN

Used by Mothers for over 30 years

Are pleasant to take and a certain relief. They tend to break up a cold in 24 hours, act on the Stomach, Liver and Bowels and tend to correct intestinal disorders and destroy worms. 10,000 testimonials like the following from mothers and friends of children telling of relief. Originals are on file in our offices:

Get a package from your druggist for use when needed. Do Not Accept Any Substitute for MOTHER GRAY'S SWEET POWDERS.

# You Can't Rub It Away; Rheumatism is in the Blood

Liniments Will Never Cure. If you are afflicted with Rheumatism, why waste time with liniments, lotions and other local applications that never did cure Rheumatism, and never will?

Do not try to rub the pain away. Try the sensible plan of finding the cause of the pain, and go after that. Remove the cause, and you remove the pain.

You will never be rid of Rheumatism until you cleanse your blood of the germs that cause the disease. S. S. S. has never had an equal as a blood purifier and scores of sufferers say that it has cleansed their blood of Rheumatism, and removed all trace of the disease from their system.

Get a bottle of S. S. S., and get on the right treatment to-day. Special medical advice free. Address Medical Director, 111 Swift Laboratory, Atlanta, Ga.

# CLOSING OUT SOUTH DAKOTA LANDS

We are closing out the following list of selected pieces of good, level, rich farm lands—the very best kind of black clay loam soil which will grow fine alfalfa, corn, hay and all kinds of small grains. Are all close to towns and railroads near Highmore, Harrod, Blunt, Onida and Pierre, South Dakota (all east of Missouri river) and priced about \$10.00 an acre less than others are asking for land in the same district.

Table listing land parcels with details: SULLY COUNTY, HUGHES COUNTY, HYDE COUNTY, FAULK COUNTY, BEADIE COUNTY. Includes acreage and price per acre.

Terms are one-third cash, another payment October 1, 1920, balance five years, 6% from March 1, 1921. If you want real bargains in good farm lands you should surely not overlook these lands. This kind and priced land is sure to double in price in a very short time. We are owners of these lands and can deliver good titles at once. Wire or write us at once if you are interested. Subject to prior sale.

# HASTINGS & HEYDEN OMAHA, NEBRASKA

1614 Harney St. Phone Tyler 50

As some one has said, nothing was ever so bad as reported except Noah's flood.

A widow always tries to console herself with the belief that she can't do any worse the next time.

A friend in need clings to you for all you are worth.

Common sense is more or less uncommon.

# Another Royal Suggestion PIES and PASTRIES

From the NEW ROYAL COOK BOOK

CHEER up! There is no further reason for worrying about table variety. The new Royal Cook Book gives new suggestions for every meal every day. The book is so full of surprises there will never be another dull meal in the home. Here are a few suggestions from the new Royal Cook Book.

Plain Pastry This recipe is for one large pie with top and bottom crust. 2 cups flour, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1/2 teaspoon Royal Baking Powder, 1/2 cup shortening, cold water. Sift together flour, salt and baking powder; add shortening and rub in very lightly with tips of fingers (the less it is handled the better the paste will be). Add cold water very slowly, enough to hold dough together (do not work or knead dough). Divide in halves; roll out one part thin on floured board and use for bottom crust. After pie is filled roll out other part for top.

Rich Pastry 2 cups pastry flour, 1/2 teaspoon Royal Baking Powder, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1/2 cup shortening, cold water. Sift flour, baking powder and salt; add one-half shortening and rub in lightly with fingers; add water slowly until of right consistency to roll out. Divide in halves; roll out one half thin; put in small pieces half remaining shortening; fold upper and lower edges in to center; fold sides in to center, fold sides to center again; roll out thin and put on pie plate. Repeat with other half for top crust.

Apple Pie 1 1/2 cups flour, 1/2 teaspoon Royal Baking Powder, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 3 tablespoons shortening, 4 apples, or 1 quart sliced apples, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 teaspoon milk. Sift flour, baking powder and salt; add shortening and rub in very lightly; add just enough cold water to hold dough together. Roll half out on floured board, line bottom of pie plate; fill in apples, which have been washed, pared and cut into thin slices; sprinkle with sugar; flavor with cinnamon or nutmeg; wet edges of crust with cold water; roll out remainder of pastry; cover pie, pressing edges tightly together and bake in moderate oven 30 minutes.

FREE By all means get the new Royal Cook Book—just out. Contains these and 400 other delightful, helpful recipes. Free for the asking. Write TODAY to ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO. 115 Fulton Street New York City

"Bake with Royal and be Sure"